

SOLITUDE.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its
mirth—
It has trouble enough of its own.

"Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

"Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure for all your
pleasure,
But do not want your woe.

"Be glad and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared
wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

"Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

"There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain."

—Miss Ella W. Wilcox.

For the Young Folks.

THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Squire Clover listened in silence, but with a quiet smile upon his lips, to his old cronies' yarns of their various haps and mishaps in their younger days in trying to get possession of the girl of their choice.

But after they had all spoken, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and proceeding to re-fill it, said:

"Ay, neighbors, you've told some pretty queer stories, but I'll warrant I can tell one that'll match 'em. I rather guess 'twould astonish those acquainted with my quiet, modest-looking wife, yonder, to know how it was that I thought of takin' her for better or worse."

"Now David," expostulated Mrs. Clover, both reddening and smiling as she met her husband's quizzical look, "why will you tell that silly story? If you hadn't cared for me, you could have left me alone."

"Ah, sure, it's easy talkin'," said the squire, shaking his head with demure gravity. "But when a girl—an especially such a pretty one—flies rectly into a fellow's arms, what else can he do? That's what I'd like to know!"

Laughingly declaring that she'd stay to listen to no such nonsense, Mrs. Clover gathered up her work and ran away; and her husband, after shaking his jolly sides with silent laughter, until some of those present were fearful that apoplexy would be the result, gradually recovered himself and proceeded to satisfy the curiosity he had aroused thus:

"I was a poor boy, as perhaps ye know, with nothin' but a pair of arms an' broad shoulders to push my way in the world with; but I had a brave heart, an' wasn't afraid to work, an' on the whole, ain't no ways dissatisfied with what my hands have brought me.

"The summer I was twenty-one, I went to work for Sue's father.

"Mr. Bean was a well-to-do farmer, and Sue his only child. He wasn't anyways stuck up about his property, but he set a great store by Sue; an', as he knew that some day she'd have as good a farm as there was in the county, nat'rally expected that the man who got her would be able to give as much as he took.

"So I had no more idea of ever bein' Sue's husband than I had of flyin'; an' yit the very first time I set eyes on her I knew, as well as I know now, that no other woman would ever be to me what she was.

"I remember the day just as well as if 'twas yesterday. I had seen Mr. Bean go down to the village the night afore, an' 'twas agreed that I should come the next afternoon.

"When I come to the house—an' a nice-looking house it was, with a broad piazza each side on't—I was dubious as to whether I had better go in the side or back door. I finally concluded to take the latter.

"As I passed by the kitchen window, I heard a voice singin', as sweet an' clear as a robin's, an' on lookin' in, I saw Sue standin' by a table kneadin' bread, an' I never see a prettier plecter afore or sense.

"Ah, lads, ye may talk about girls at the pianny, but they ain't half so

much to my mind as the one I saw at the moldin'-board; the flour she was siftin' not any whiter than her round, uncovered arms, and with as bright a bloom on cheek an' lip as the roses that were clambering over the porch.

"Wal, arter starin' at her pretty face as long as I dared to—quite unbeknown to her—I knocked at the door.

"'Come in!' sang out a voice that set my heart to beatin' like a sledge hammer.

"Liftin' the latch, I walked in. 'Is Mr. Bean to home?' I stammered, colorin' as red as a beet, as Sue turned her black eyes on me.

"'Yes, father's somewhere about. He'll be in in a minute. Won't you take a seat?'

"In goin' across the room, I stumbled over a pail, which so flustered me that I sat down in a chair where a large gray cat lay curled up asleep, and who, spittin' an' clawin' at me, sprang out of the window.

"I could see by the dimples that came and went round Sue's pretty mouth that she had hard work to do to keep from laughing outright. But she didn't 'pear to take any notice on't to it, an' pretty soon old Mr. Bean came in, and then I began to feel more comfortable.

"They were real nice sort of folks, who treated their help like their own family, an' I soon began to feel at home. All but with Sue; I couldn't seem to say two or three words to her without blunderin' an' was always doin' some awkward thing or other whenever I went nigh her.

"I don't think I'd have felt quite so shy if I'd known her opinion of me, for I wasn't a bad lookin' chap in my young days—broad shouldered an' straight as an arrow—with big, hazel eyes an' brown hair, as full of crinkles as curled maple.

"I hadn't been to Mr. Bean's long before I found out that Sue had a beau. His name was Silas Peterkin, son of the storekeeper down at the village. He was a white-faced, slim-waisted fellow, with little hands an' feet, that I'd been ashamed to own, but which he seemed to feel mighty proud of.

"He used to come to see Sue about twice a week, dressed in his store clothes, an' lookin' as if he jest stepped out of a band-box.

"Sue never seemed to act as though she had any partic'lar likin' for Silas; but 'twas easy seen that the old folks set great store by him, an' was mighty pleasant at the idea of his steppin' up to their darter.

"As for me, I never see him sittin' by Sue, an' smirkin' up into her face, but what I felt as if I wanted to fling him, head first, out of the window.

"So matters went on until September, when Mr. Bean gave a huskin' party. We young fellers set to work with a will, an' afore sunset the corn was all husked an' piled away, an' the barn floor swept clean for the dance an' supper we was to have in the evenin'.

"Pretty soon the women folks began to flock in, all dressed in their best, an' lookin' as fresh an' bloomin' as a flower-garden after a shower.

"But Sue was the prettiest of the hull lot, dressed in her white frock, with the pink ribbon tied around her waist.

"Silas Peterkin, he was there, of course, an' as soon as I see him I went to the house.

"As I was standin' on the back steps, out of sorts with myself an' everybody else, I heard a voice say: 'David!'

"An' turnin' round, I saw Sue, lookin' as smilin' as a basket of chips. 'Ain't you comin' down to the barn?' says she.

"I ruther guess I ain't wanted,' says I.

"'Oh, yes you are,' says she; 'I want you.'

"She looked and spoke so sweet that I was e'en a'most a mind to go. But jest then I heard Silas callin' her; an' mutterin' somethin' about havin' some tools to grind, I walked off.

"I was most sorry for't, though, when I caught a sight of her face as she walked away with Silas, an' I saw how sober it was.

"Sittin' down on the back steps, I went to work; the raspin' of my file soundin' a deal pleasanter to my ears than the fiddlin' that floated up from the barn down in the medder.

"It had been uncommonly hot for a number of days past, but this had been the hottest one of all. Not a leaf moved, an' there was somethin' unnat'ral in the stillness of everythin'.

There was a strange look to the sky, too; it was streaked over-

head with purple an' violet, with a sort of yellow glare in the west.

"Old Bose, the dog, who had been wanderin' restlessly about for the last hour, now set up a mournful howl.

"When I went to fodder the cattle, I found the poor critters huddled together in one corner of the yard, utterin' low bellows of terror and dismay, their instincts warning them, as all these signs did me, of the tornado that was approachin'.

"Goin' back to the house, I shut every door and window. Then thinkin' of the folks in the barn—that was the most in danger of anythin'—I ran down through the garden toward the medder where it stood.

"But I had hardly gone two rods before it came, liftin' me off my feet an' hurlin' me against an opposite fence. I picked myself up an' hurried on. As I came in sight of the barn, or, rather, where it once stood, the air was filled with dust an' flyin' shingles and timber.

"As soon as it cleared away a bit, I saw Sue standin' in a most perilous position right in the midst of it. I shouted to her to come away; and jest then the wind took her up as if she was but a feather, bearin' her directly toward me. I opened my arms, an' she came right into them. As she did so, one of the flyin' sticks hit one of my arms, makin' it useless; but holdin' her tight with the other, I took her to some low bushes in a little hollow between two hills.

"The tornado was as short as it was violent, and though a good deal of damage was done, luckily, no one was hurt much. She escaped without scratch; but considerin' who nursed me, you needn't waste any pity on me for that.

"I heard afterward, as soon as the alarm was given, Silas Peterkin took to his heels, an' never stopped till he reached his father's door.

"Whether he heard that the old man vowed that he'd set Bose on him if he ever came nigh Sue again, I can't say, but his visits ceased from that day.

"I sent him an invite to my weddin', which took place a few months arter; but as he didn't come, I'm sort of mistrustful that he was afraid of another tornado."—*New York News.*

THE POWER OF THE FARMER.

The individual farmer seems to be at the mercy of any one, and appears as a helpless and defenseless creature, yet the farmer is really one of the most powerful factors of the human beings comprising our population. The calling of the farmer is a peaceful one, and he is not naturally aggressive, but the time will come day arrive when force of circumstances will compel him to consider his interests in a manner different from that to which he is now disposed.

What a grand and powerful influence the farmers could exercise if they were united together as one common body. We do not advocate a political party composed of farmers, but if they were organized to "boycott" all politicians who did not advance the interests of the masses in preference to monopolies they would in a short time improve the morals prevalent in the political atmosphere and do much to render the Government pure and more ably conducted. They should say to the old parties that they were organized and ready to vote for men above suspicion, and that a nomination—equivalent to an election heretofore—available nothing unless the nominee was one who would prove a faithful public servant. Farmers should remember this with reference to the attempted increased postage on seeds and see that those Congressmen who favored the measure and the imposition thus of unnecessary and unjust tax are not returned, and that every legislator who does not do his duty against eleomargarine is left at home. Organize.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

AN AGED FISH.

A recent capture of a fish by the Berlin fishery owners, Messrs. Danhaus, in the river Spree, near the Kurfürsten bridge, has attracted considerable attention in scientific circles. The fish is a gigantic carp, which carried on its lower jaw a ring, with some inscriptions on it. As far as could be ascertained from the inscription on the ring, it would appear that the carp was placed in the waters of Hozelhorst in 1618, and therefore had attained the age of 268 years. It weighed thirty-six pounds.—*American Angler.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

(Farmers' Friend.)

—Rotten corncocks are said to be a valuable fertilizer on any soil that is deficient in potash, and their value is much enhanced by being rotted with other manure. Save your cobs and mix them with refuse.

—A single rat will destroy hundreds of young ducks and chicks. Put chloride of lime in their holes. If this cannot be done the rat must be caught, even if the poultry house must be removed in order to do so.

—Calves that are to be kept for dairy purposes should be trained from birth with this in view. They should be petted and kept gentle by constant handling and management, and be accustomed to the use of halters, etc.

—When a tree is to be transplanted never leave more branches than are wanted for mains, four or five at most; never grow a mass of unnecessary limbs to be crowding, which must be cut out afterward, much to the injury of the tree; remove them from the head at first.

—It is safer to feed fowls upon a board floor that can be frequently cleaned, than upon a dirt floor or in the yard, where they are liable to take into their crops unwholesome particles of old droppings that may adhere to the food.

—Washington country, Pa., is said to be the largest wool-growing country in the Union, and produces annually 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 pounds of wool, worth in cash \$1,000,000 for the wool alone, besides the sale of fine sheep for breeding purposes, and mutton, sheep and lambs for the meat market of the East.

—A very complete filling for open cracks in floors may be made by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of 1 pound of flour, 3 quarts of water and 1 teaspoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. Make the final mixture about as putty, and it will harden like paper mache.

—"All flesh is grass," is a true saying. The various kinds of farm-stock that derive their food from the grass is beefsteak, mutton, etc. More than this the cereals belong to the grass family. Botanists reckon wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice and corn as such. So man feeds upon grass directly or indirectly.

—Give your chicks meat scraps three times a week in their soft food, and keep plenty of fresh, clean water for them to drink. Milk in all shapes is excellent for them. Keep them free from lice if you want them to be well and grow rapidly. The pure breed varieties are more healthy than mongrels, and a much larger per cent. of the chicks reach maturity.

—Winter plants are liable to frequent attacks from insects. The red spider is an annoying little pest, appearing in large numbers on the stems and under side of leaves. We have found a solution of tobacco water sprinkled over the plants, followed by the use of sweet or kerosene oil, gently rubbed on the leaves and stems, to be a most effectual remedy.

—Since it is well known that impure water produces fevers, dysentery and other fatal diseases in mankind, it is a fair inference that bad water is not good for farm animals, especially for dairy cows. Bad water will make bad and unwholesome milk. A cow ought not to drink water that is not palatable and wholesome for her owner.

—One hundred pounds of honey is not a large yield for a strong colony of bees in an ordinary season, but it is as much as a small family will use in a year. A successful beekeeper would not think he was doing extra well to clear sixty dollars a season on a half dozen strong colonies. A day laborer could take care of this number of colonies without hardly feeling the time it would require. One man can care for a hundred colonies in the busiest season, and during the most of the year they require almost no attention whatever.

—A small piece of resin dipped in water, which is placed in a vessel on a stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by a combustion of resin. It is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD CO.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE.

Condensed Schedule in effect Jan. 8, '86.

Trains Run by 75° Meridian Time.

SOUTHBOUND—DAILY.		
	No. 50.	No. 52.
Live New York	12 00 night	3 40 pm
" Philadelphia	7 20 a m	6 03 "
" Baltimore	9 50 "	8 00 "
" Washington	11 15 "	11 00 "
" Charlottesville	3 45 p m	2 55 am
" Lynchburg	6 10 "	5 15 "
" Richmond	3 25 "	2 00 "
" Burkeville	5 20 "	4 05 "
" Keyesville	6 05 "	4 43 "
" Drakes Branch	6 20 "	4 50 "
" Danville	9 25 "	8 04 "
" Goldsboro	11 45 a m	
" Raleigh	5 00 p m	
" Durham	6 07 "	
" Chapel Hill	6 55 "	
" Hillsboro	6 47 "	
" Greensboro	9 30 "	
" Salem	9 55 "	6 50 "
" High Point	11 55 "	10 19 "
" Salisbury	1 10 a m	11 23 "
" Concord	1 57 "	11 50 "
" Charlotte	3 00 "	1 00 pm
" Spartanburg	5 50 "	3 34 "
" Greenville	7 14 "	4 49 "
" Atlanta	1 40 pm	10 40 "

NORTHBOUND—DAILY.		
	No. 51.	No. 53.
Live Atlanta	5 45 pm	8 40 am
" Greenville	12 15 am	2 30 pm
" Spartanburg	11 33 "	3 43 "
" Charlotte	5 00 "	6 25 "
" Concord	5 55 "	7 52 "
" Salisbury	6 39 "	8 01 "
" High Point	7 58 "	9 08 "
" Greensboro	8 30 "	9 35 "
" Salem	11 40 "	*1 17 am
" Hillsboro	11 39 "	
" Durham	12 13 pm	
" Chapel Hill	1 20 "	
" Raleigh	1 20 "	
" Goldsboro	4 40 "	
" Danville	10 38 am	11 28 pm
" Drakes Branch	1 08 pm	2 42 am
" Keyesville	2 20 "	3 05 "
" Burkeville	2 00 "	2 57 "
" Richmond	4 07 "	7 00 "
" Lynchburg	1 50 "	2 10 "
" Charlottesville	4 30 "	4 30 "
" Washington	9 15 "	8 40 "
" Baltimore	11 25 "	10 03 "
" Philadelphia	3 00 a m	12 35 pm
" New York	3 20 "	3 20 "

*Daily except Sunday.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.

On trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York. On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, Washington and Aiken. Pullman Sleeper between Richmond and Greensboro.

Through tickets on sale at principal stations to all points. For rates and information apply to any agent of the company, or to

C. W. CHEARS,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent.
E. B. THOMAS,
Genl. Manager.
RICHMOND, VA.

With Cotton at Eight and a Half Cents, Poor Crops and Bad Prices, WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 1, 1885.

The situation of our Farmers, and more especially of those in the Eastern Counties, is a serious one. With cotton at 8½ cents and everything else in the same proportion, it is doubtful whether our people can make cotton at all with the old method. Thousands of thoughtful men all through the South are considering earnestly this question: WHAT SHALL BE DONE? With prices of their products way down and the prices of all they buy not reduced in the same proportion, what shall be done to feed the family, buy clothes and send the children to school during this New Year? All this time sensible men are cutting down every expense and resolving that they will make more at home. Milk, meat, vegetables must be made in larger quantities and groceries saved; corn, oats and grass must be provided for the horses, cows and hogs. High-priced fertilizers and every extra thing are entirely out of the question. The wise man will buy the cheapest and best ingredients only and make fertilizers at home this year.

At this time, THE NORTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE COMPANY, an exclusively North Carolina Company, working nothing but North Carolina material, wants to inform the prudent men just described how they can help themselves and help a home enterprise by buying LIME PHOSPHATE, the cheapest Phosphate ever sold in North Carolina. It is to the interest of every farmer in North Carolina to write to the NORTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE COMPANY at Raleigh, N. C., and learn how to save money and make a good crop that will make a good crop at a very low price.

1-3ms.

—THE— SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR AND DIXIE FARMER.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The Great Farm, Industrial and Stock Periodical of the South.

It embraces in its constituency the intelligent, progressive and substantially successful farmers of this section, and as an advertising medium for the Merchant, Manufacturer, Stock Raiser and Professional Man, is ABSOLUTELY UNQUALLED.

Space judiciously employed in its columns is always remunerative.

Advertisements, per line, . . . 30
Subscription, per annum, . . . \$1.50

Address, CULTIVATOR PUB. CO.,
P. O. Drawer 8, ATLANTA, GA.